

## you cut lights. that's sus bro

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## you cut lights. that's sus bro

by [Shhnikeys \(Schnikeys\)](#)

### Summary

Turns out that the relief of not having to lie to a bunch of people while in an enclosed environment with them can trigger physiological cycles! Also, it's very understandable to have not brought your alien birth control with you on an espionage mission.

The intersection of those two things might be awkward, though.

### Notes

Inspired by SteamWhistle/[Steamworthy's](#) excellent xeno Among Us art. Appreciate it!!

[Photoset 1](#)

[Photoset 2](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Tfw you're an imposter but the crew actually takes you in and the sudden peaceful environment triggers your heat like a motherfucker.](#) by Steamworthy

“Have you seen Lime?”

“No,” says Green, looking warily at Blue. “Why?”

“Nothing serious,” Blue says hastily, holding up her hands, “I was going to show her the office chores, but I haven’t seen her yet today, that’s all.”

Green looks down at his tablet, possibly reassuring himself that everything on the station has been working smoothly, with the obvious exception of HQ’s remote monitoring protocol. “No, haven’t heard from her.”

“What, are you going to make her refill the water bubbler?” Orange jokes from beside the admin table.

“It’s safer than teaching her the wiring,” Blue points out, and sees Green visibly relax at the reminder that Blue hasn’t totally lost her sense of caution.

“Well, tell us when you find her,” Green instructs, jerking his head at the admin table. “Yellow is with Purple and Black in Specimens, and everyone else is accounted for.”

“She could be in the tunnels,” Orange says with impressive neutrality. Blue catches Green’s wince as she heads into the decontamination room.

Checking the rooms with holes might not be a bad idea, Blue admits to herself as the mist sprays over her suit, but she might as well ask Yellow first. That was one of the first things Lime helped her with once it all came out, patching the tunnel entrances inside the buildings. It’s helped with climate control a hell of a lot, that’s for sure.

Yellow hasn’t seen her either, which isn’t surprising. Things have seemed a little awkward between the two of them since the deal, given that Lime agreed to it a lot less grudgingly.

“She’s probably making more snowmen,” Yellow says dismissively, and Black snorts from where she’s unlocking the manifolds. Blue grits her teeth and thanks Yellow anyway.

Lime’s not in the bathroom when Blue takes the opportunity to take a piss, and the hole in the farthest stall is still thoroughly patched. Pink and Brown are futzing around in the medbay. The dropship is right where they left it, no one’s in storage, White is glued to the weapons array, Red is hard-cycling the wifi modem again, and no one has seen Lime.

Almost. “I *did* see her this morning,” Red says, staring intently at the blinking lights. “She seemed kind of antsy. Like she woulda claimed she had a headache, if she like, definitely had a skull.”

“Do you think they can get sick?” Blue asks, abruptly concerned.

Red shrugs. “They’re organic, right? Maybe she caught something from Yellow. That’d be funny. Maybe we could actually get one of them into the scanner, then.”

“Maybe,” Blue says, disquieted, and goes to check security.

This isn’t invasive, she assures herself, rewinding back through the footage. All the cameras are in public areas, and up until very recently, Lime was a security risk. Probably still is by HQ’s reckoning, which is why the remote monitoring has been “broken” for a week now. No, wait, that wouldn’t make it less invasive; that just makes it more defensible.

Still, Blue can’t help feeling more relieved than guilty when she catches sight of Lime on the northwest cam earlier that morning. She was... burying herself in snow. Huh. Maybe Yellow was right about that.

No, wait: an hour later (was she taking a nap in there? They’re damn cold resistant), Lime abruptly

stood up from the snow pile and beelined for the electrical and oxygen building. Five minutes after that, Lime crossed by the southwest cam past the boiler room. If Blue had to classify her possibly-inaccurate body language, she'd call it "frazzled".

That footage was an hour ago, and there aren't any tunnels there unless Lime chewed a new one or something, which Blue is almost sure she can't do. With Red's words in mind, she jogs all the way back to medbay to grab supplies before heading back to the boiler room corridor. It's not like she would know how to deal with whatever they can get sick with, but Blue feels that wet wipes should be an interspecies constant when it comes to valuable supplies if they aren't already.

There isn't much near the boiler room beside the O2 filling station, but there is a supply closet whose door chronically sticks open, making it too much of a hassle to close. It's closed right now.

Blue knocks gently on the door, shuffling the baggie of supplies between her hands. "Lime? Are you in there?"

There's a brief melange of sounds — something clattering, something squishy, something rubbing against an enviro-suit — followed by Lime's strained voice saying, "Don't come in!"

Blue hadn't realized how tense she'd been until the sound of Lime's voice melted it away. "Lime, you scared me. Are you okay?"

Silence, interposed with more squishy sounds, and what might be a sigh. (Do they have lungs?) "I'm — I'm fine. I didn't mean to worry you."

"You're still worrying me," Blue says, frowning, her gloved fingertips resting on the door. "You don't sound fine."

A low-pitched, thrumming whine threads its way through the door, and now Blue is *really* worried. So far, Lime has only ever made inhuman sounds when she's deeply distressed. "Definitely fine. Great, even! Don't open the door."

"Lime, *please*." Blue's hand is fully pressed against the door now, helmet resting against the fake insulated wood. "I can tell something's wrong. Please tell me what I can do to help."

Another pitiful, twanging whimper, and Lime whispers, "Is anyone with you?"

Blue *should* be a lot more worried about that question, given what Lime was sent here to do. Instead, she says, "No. Everyone else is busy." And Orange would have seen her in the security room while she was there if anyone was getting concerned.

"Fine!" Lime says, and Blue is already turning the handle and bracing her feet to yank the door open.

Once it finally pops out of the door frame, Blue gets a dim eyeful of Lime curled up against the back wall of the supply closet, half lying on a tiny pile of spare gel-polyurethane foam.

"Close the door," Lime whispers, and Blue isn't even thinking of how easily she could get chomped in half as she throws her weight backward to haul the door shut.

She'd neglected to turn on the lights before she did, though, so Blue spends a few awkward seconds fumbling at the walls before Lime softly says, "To your right. Toggle switch."

"Thanks," Blue says, and flips the switch before she can think too hard about how well Lime can see in the dark.

The lights flicker on, shitty dim LEDs that mean Blue has to double and triple take at Lime, who's uncurled a little now that the door is closed, and whose lap is full of... *something*.

"Um. What's that?"

"What do you mean, what's that!" Lime says shrilly. The arms-length pink hose between Lime's legs coils in the air, making a familiar squishing noise. As Blue gives in and just turns on her helmet lights, she also sees that Lime's crotch is now fleshy and lined with teeth, with two red tongue-looking things and a cluster of ruby lumps further down, which Blue is ninety-nine percent sure are not features of her own environmental suit.

"Literally. What is that."

"Oh my god," Lime says, sounding bleary and clutching the sides of her helmet, or rather, her head, because Blue has a beautiful reminder right in front of her that Lime is mimicking a human-in-a-suit, with the operative part being the suit.

"Is —" Blue reaches out, maybe a little too quickly, because Lime flinches, the faceplate of her helmet popping open to reveal lashing tendrils and the front of her torso splitting open into a giant toothy maw that *hisses* at Blue. Blue would normally flinch right back, but she's too fucking baffled, so she just drops her hand. "Sorry, sorry. Is that your dick?"

"My —" Lime sounds just as confused, and kind of drunk, the face-tentacles slowly retracting back. "I — yes? No? This is not a dick?"

"Oh my god," Blue says, horrified realization striking. "I just walked in on you wanking. I am *so* sorry."

"Yes and no!" Lime squeaks, and a weird shiver goes over her whole body as the torso-maw closes. "Don't you have... you know. 'That time of month'?" She sketches air-quotes around the words, and Blue notices that her gloves — *hands* — are shiny with slick.

Blue sits back more comfortably on her heels, frowning behind her faceplate. "Um. Menstruation?"

"No, no —" Lime makes another twanging groan, the pink hose-dick twitching. "The other end."

"... Are you, like. Going into heat?"

"Do you *not*?" Lime says, sounding faintly hysterical, and Blue is abruptly reminded of exactly how annoying unfixed molly cats can get. On a second look, those little lumps of ruby-red between Lime's legs might actually be *eggs*. "I thought humans did!"

"Holy shit, dude, not like *that*."

"I didn't think I'd have to bring *suppressants*!" Lime hisses, and if she had knuckles, they'd probably be white underneath the gloves with how hard she's clutching the foam. "I didn't think I'd be in any condition to trigger one! I didn't think I'd be *around* anyone who'd trigger one! I didn't think I'd even be coming back!"

Blue turns the opacity down on her faceplate and stares at Lime's tentacle crotch-party, morbidly fascinated. "Okay, we can talk about *that* later, but..."

But Blue can tell that Lime is staring back at what little of her eyes are visible through the tinted polycarbonate, and when she flicks her gaze up to look at Lime, she lets out another warbling, flanging groan, the tendrils in her lap coiling against each other, slick dripping down to stain her

inner thighs.

‘Around anyone to trigger one’, huh.

Fuck *xeno-geology*, anyway.

“Can I —” Blue reaches forward, and Lime whimpers, but her legs are spreading, and she’s leaning towards Blue instead of cringing away.

“Please,” she’s gasping, “Please, please,” and maybe, *just* maybe, Blue is discovering some things about herself.

Blue still doesn’t exactly know what’s going on, but Lime’s coherency seems to be running out, and someone is going to come looking for them eventually. She snags a plastic baggie from the supplies and gently scoops the cherry-red eggs in, because maybe Lime will want them later? Blue doesn’t know, but Lime’s making noises that are sounding steadily less human and steadily more turned-on.

“Hey,” Blue murmurs, sliding her gloves up the insides of her thighs. “I’ve got you.”

Lime makes a strangled sound and shivers under her hands, slowly sinking back against the wall. Her faceplate is unhinging in a way that actual helmets definitely don’t, the tendrils poking out to lick over her own suit. She could probably bite Blue in half right now, but she won’t, because she trusts Blue enough for her body to get horny about it.

God damn.

Blue traces her fingers along the open red skin. The teeth tremble, but they don’t close, and if anything, the skin gets wetter. She reaches the seam where the base of the pink tendril starts, and she wraps her hand around the width of it, thick enough that she can’t close her fingers.

“Nnngh,” Lime gasps, her hips jolting up into Blue’s touch. God, she’s dripping, chest heaving as the two tongue-things underneath reach for Blue’s wrist, smearing alien lube all over her suited arm.

The tendril ripples in Blue’s hand, and she strokes up experimentally. Lime makes another promising sound, so she does it again, getting her other hand involved to control its writhing as she strokes her hand all the way up. Something is moving down the length of it, and Blue curls it down into her hands to watch as an egg squeezes out of the end with a trembling cry from Lime.

“Huh,” Blue murmurs, catching the glistening ball in one hand as Lime quivers against the floor.

“*Please*,” Lime begs, almost incoherent, and Blue shoves the egg in the bag with the others and leans in, the hand that’s still gripping the ovipositor nudging Lime’s outstretched leg a little higher. The two tongue-tendrils are coming out of a little hole below the ovipositor, looks like, and Blue slides two fingers in, feeling Lime clench down hot and wet around them. “Ah, ah, mnn — hah —”

Lime keeps making the prettiest little noises as Blue works her open, the tongue-tendrils wrapping around her wrist. The toothy mouth-flap-things are pressing wider open by the second, which really shouldn’t be hot, but here they are. Every move drips wetness down into the growing puddle on the closet floor, Blue’s fingers making little *shlk shlk* noises as Lime practically sucks her hand in.

“Gh — hhn, Blue *please* —” Lime’s twisted at the waist to brace herself against the floor, something that looks like drool trickling from under her faceplate as she shakes and shakes, legs still spread wide so Blue can touch her.

Blue licks her lips and leans in, thumb pressing on the scalloped edge at the end of the ovipositor where it makes Lime clench harder around her fingers. “Like that?”

“Ye- es!” Lime is practically digging at the floor, clenched hands scraping her knuckles against the dusty tiling. “Please, please —“

The ovipositor coils down, and Blue lets it, following it with her hand as the pulsing length curls next to her thigh and starts to ripple again.

“Ah, ah —“ Lime has devolved into a language Blue definitely doesn’t speak by the time more eggs start sliding out. The ovipositor is nudging dangerously close to *Blue’s* suited crotch, but she can’t even say that she minds, not with Lime starting to pulse around her fingers, the red tendrils coiling tight.

“Come on,” Blue murmurs, working her fingers harder against her walls, hand squeezing around her length, and Lime’s knee presses hard against her shoulder as she convulses, crying out and shuddering so hard it takes an effort for Blue to keep fingering.

By the time the shuddering dies down, five more eggs are sitting in a pool of slick next to Blue’s thigh. “Ngh,” Lime says, her faceplate pressed to the floor. Her suit is soaked from hips to knees, that red skin still wet and open.

God *damn*.

Blue really hopes it’s not important how she stores those eggs, because it only takes like five seconds to nestle them in the plastic bag, but in that span, Lime is already starting to whine again, hips moving sluggishly with the curling of those tendrils.

“I’m here,” Blue soothes, moving back to kneel between her legs, and goddamn if her own suit isn’t getting a little wet downstairs. Later. Later.

For now, Blue nudges Lime properly onto her back and wraps a hand around each of the red tendrils. Lime makes a gasping sound and arches into it, hooking one heel over Blue’s shoulder, the other thigh splaying open.

“*Blue*,” she warbles, nothing even close to a human voice. The spent ovipositor coils over her chest, curling over her own shoulder as she pushes into Blue’s touch.

“This good?” Blue asks, stroking the tendrils from base to top, over and over, squeezing her thumbs over the tips, gloves obscenely slippery with her sex.

Lime pants, hips rolling with every draw of Blue’s hands, one hand braced ineffectually against the floor, the other entirely limp. “Yes, yes, keep — please —“

Blue really wishes she had a third hand. Or a dildo. But watching Lime’s face tendrils slide out and idly tangle with the head of her ovipositor is weirdly hot, so she can’t think about it too much. All she can think about is the cute, oddly musical mewling sounds that come out of Lime every time she reaches her tips, the low groans that come when she rubs her fingers along the rim of her hole.

It’s not long before Lime is panting again, that splayed knee shaking as the red tendrils twist harder and harder in Blue’s grip. A few more strokes and Blue manages to get both in one hand, thumb trapping the tips as she plunges her fingers back into Lime’s hole, rubbing insistently at the little ridges inside.

Lime’s cries go higher, higher, and she abruptly goes rigid, thigh snapping shut and walls

clenching around Blue's fingers. "B —! Ah —!"

Blue watches her climax, every second of it, every twitch lit up in the unflattering helmet headlights, every squirm of the tongue-things, every little shiver as the ovipositor goes lax on her chest.

Lime's leg flops to the ground, and her heel slides off of Blue's shoulder shortly afterward. To Blue's mild, bizarre disappointment, the tendrils start retracting.

"You done?" Blue asks, just to check.

"For now," Lime says thickly.

"For now?"

"Lasts a couple days."

"Oh," Blue says, feeling much happier and embarrassed about it.

Then Lime's hand starts fumbling its way to Blue's groin, and she says, "Ah, no —"

"Oh," Lime says, taking her hand back.

"I don't mean it that way," Blue hastens to add. "I do actually — kind of want that right now, but, um." She spreads her fingers, watching the deceptively normal-looking lube string between them.

"I feel like it would be irresponsible not to check whether I'm allergic to you, first?"

"Oh," Lime says, sounding more sheepish than put-out, this time. "That's — a good idea."

"How about," Blue says, lending Lime a sticky hand to get her upright, "I go get changed, isolate some proteins out of your... stuff, do a quick scratch test, and I'll be right back?"

"I'd like that," Lime says shyly. "I'll, um, clean up a little."

"I'm glad you know how mops work." Blue stands, then notices the baggie of eggs. "Uh, what should I..."

"Oh, those?" Lime looks unconcerned. "They're blanks, so I'll just eat them."

"... Alright then!"







## End Notes

coda:

“So, you’re basically naked all the time?”

“Fuck you,” Lime mumbles.

“Okay.”

Working title: "among THIS DICK"

what's good i wrote this in like three hours while sick as a dog and it was fantastic

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